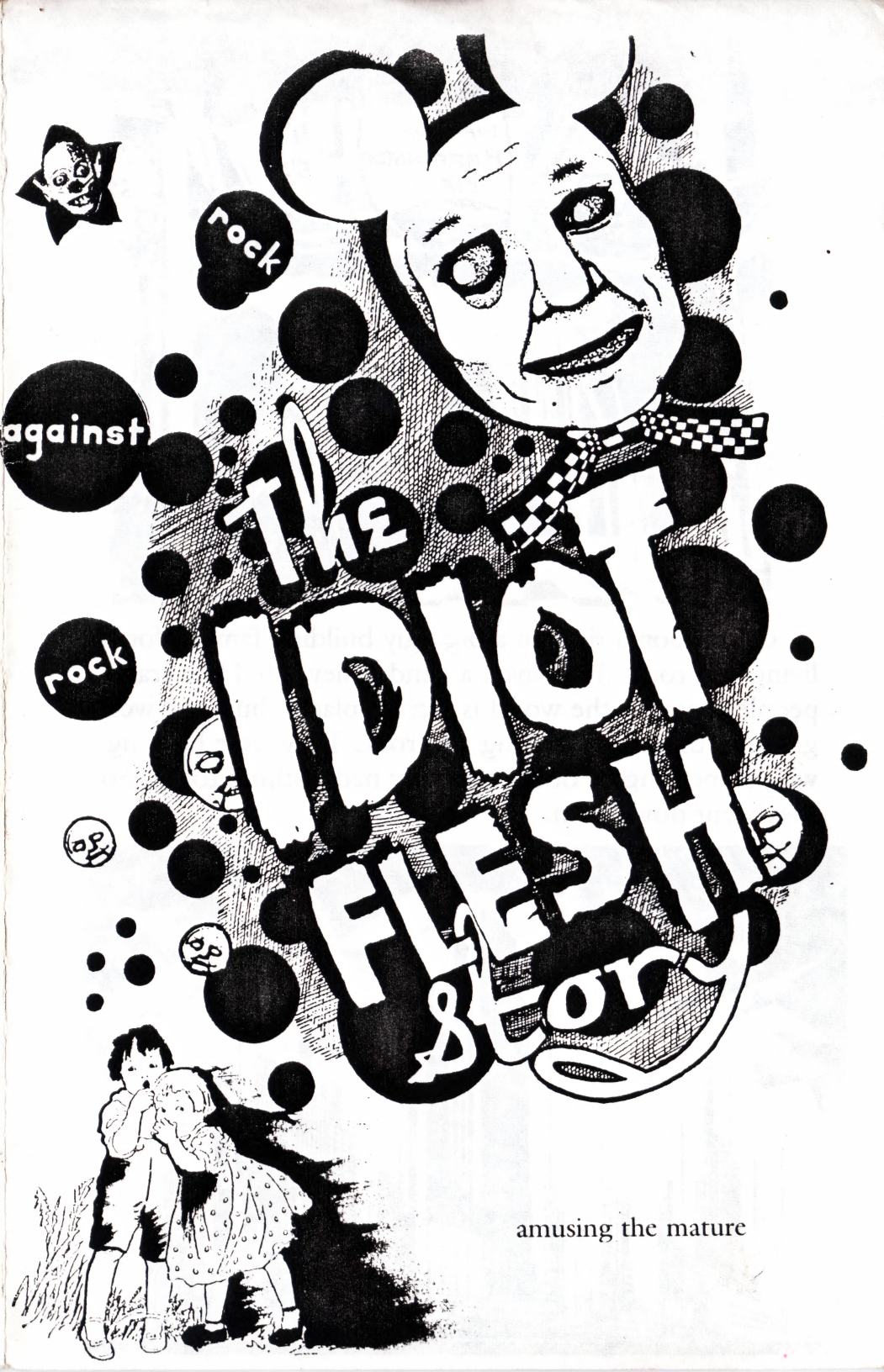
rock
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The
IDIOT
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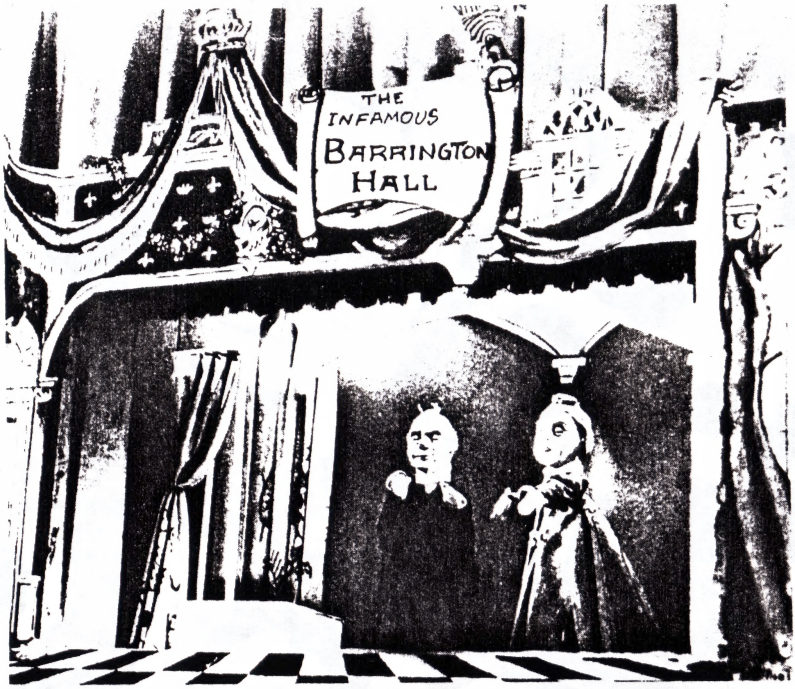
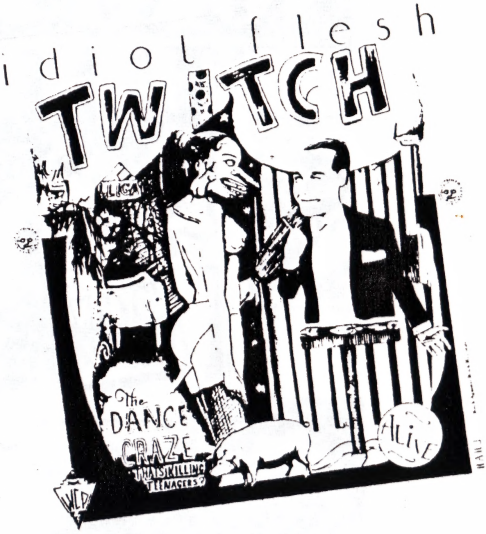
amusing the mature

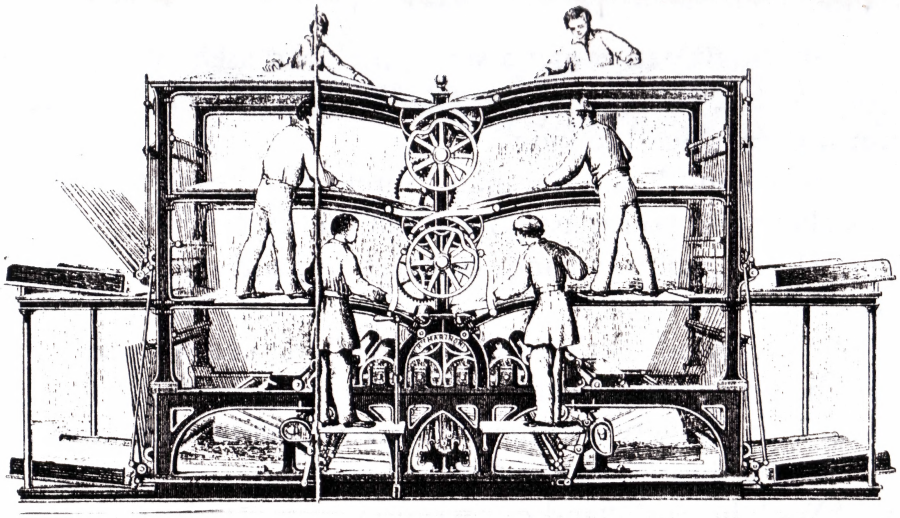


Once upon a time in a big ugly building famous for bad living and rock, there lived a band. They acted like crazy people (because the world is a crazy place), but they were growing tired of bad living and rock. They were burning with something or other, but they had nothing to say. So they went downtown.

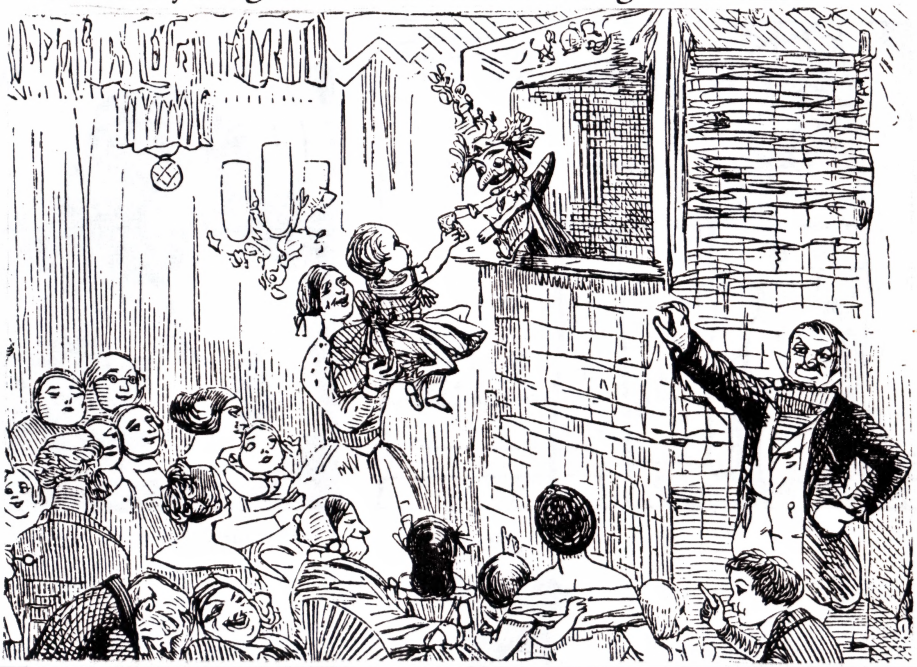
"You must go somewhere else now", said the small man.

"OK..uh..sir. We will", said the Idiots. And so, having moved from the East Bay underground to SF's corporate nightclubs, they acquired the Stealth Bus necessary to sneak their travelling parade of light into the darkest corners of the nation, which they've done almost ceaselessly since mid-'94. They took a month off to produce a single featuring their first two tunes ever to sit over a continuous pulse, guaranteeing success with dance-crazed teens everywhere. They also recorded a song for a tribute album to Bay Area resident extra-terrestrials The Residents, an album featuring some of weird music's greatest superstars, including Giant Ant Farm, Primus, Snakefinger, and The Residents themselves.





They left downtown making songs and pamphlets and signs and giant heads and inflating suits and puppets and doing all manner of things such that nothing might be left undone. Their stage show swelled to often alarming proportions as the Rock Against Rock Coalition expanded to include a revolving circus of performers such as the now legendary Baby Fatty, Bunny Man, and the vaudeville troupe Ruckus. Their splatter-puppet show brought unprecedented violence to the miniature stage, bringing at least one youngster to tears but amusing the mature.



Their 1990 vinyl release 'Tales of Instant Knowledge and Sure Death' represents the eclecticism of their pre-John Kane Society contact. That contact gave a focus and purity of vision which resulted in the painstaking marriage of intricacy and idiocy that is 'The Nothing Show' CD of '94. The album's thinly veiled communist views have made it a natural hit on liberal college stations and the three-dimensional Wondrasound™ production of Oakland's Polymorph studios makes the music oddly attractive to young America's hordes of drug-addled texture fanatics.

On the way they met a small man who asked where they were going, and they answered, "The sky is falling and we must go and tell the king".

"Silly band," said the man,"Surely you mean the thing is stalling and you must go and kill the sty."

"Huh?", said the band, being young and not as clever as some.

"Nevermind. Let's go downtown", replied the man, and he proceeded to tell them the good news about the John Kane Society and their efforts to destroy rock music.

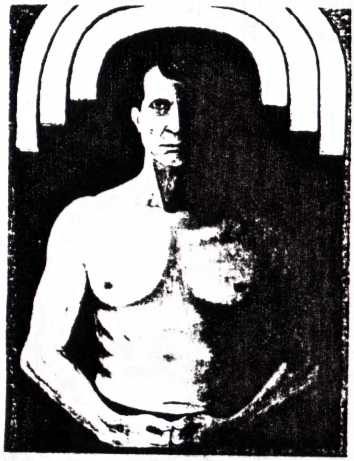
"Is that best?", they asked.

"Yes", he said, "and our weapon must also be rock: Rock Against Rock."

"That sounds pretty cool", they agreed.

"Yes...hmn.....You can be called Idiot Flesh now."

"Oh...uh...", they replied uncertainly, but after some coffee they agreed that all was for the best. "OK. Let's go." And there was kindled within them a glorious fire of hatred for rock and it filled their mouths with words and their eyes leaked something or other.



John Kane. *Self-Portrait.* 1929.

Their Oakland bred appreciation for Mormon architecture has taken Idiot Flesh to Portland and San Diego, and '95 will not close without their seeing the glory that is Salt Lake City. Lest you think that their taste in buildings is limited, they've also enjoyed skylines as disparate as El Paso and Seattle, so fear not if your town lacks a good temple. They will come anyway. Nothing will stop them.

Surely now the sky is falling and we must go and tell the king.

"OK, let's go."

"... *yes, Virginia, there is* Idiot Flesh."

GOOD-BYE

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